colt for a large amount.

Trainer McCormick handed around the information to a select few that Col. Bill, whose races during the early part of the season were decidedly disappointing, had suddenly struck his proper gait and would be compared to the season were decidedly disappointing. surely take the purse. Remembering McCormick's clever handling of Alcedo when he won the Suburban, two years ago for L. V. Bell, this tip was followed with and eagerness by hundreds as

confidence and eagerness by hundreds as it reached them.

Probably the hottest bit of information that came off the griddle during the afternoon was that relative to Hunter Raine. The son of Longstreet was in at 93 pounds, and owner Shields had made preparations for an old-time killing. When Frank Farrell concluded to scratch Blues, because the Sir Dixon horse was alling and was not fit. Shields made a substantial offer for the services of Jockey Fuller and secured him to ride Hunter Raine. This was taken for the services of Jockey Fuller and secured him to ride Hunter Raine. This was taken to mean that the Longstreet colt's chances had been increased twofold, even though he had to take up five pounds overweight; and when several books began offering prices on the Brooklyn before the first race had been run, 30 to I against Hunter Raine was grabbed with such avidity that the price was quickly lowered to fifteens. Then price was quickly lowered to fifteens. Then when the real betting on the handicap began, after the third race, the money began, after the third race, the money that came pouring into the ring on Shields's colt resulted in lowering the price further to 8 to 1. "Pittsburg Phil" and E. E. Smathers unloading thousands at this quotation. GUNPIRE A STEADY FAVORITE.

Oom Paul remained steady in the betting at sevens and was backed heavily by Senator McCarren and other Brooklyn politicians, who felt confident that the Prince Royal gelding would land the money for them. With Gunfire favorite therefore, Oom Paul and Yardarm ruled equal second choices at sevens, with Hunter Raine third in favor at eights, Col. Bill next at 10 to 1, with 12 to 1 against Irish Lad. 15 to 1 against Heno and Igniter and the others being obtainable at almost any price.

The paddock was a lively place, while the handicap horses were receiving the finishing touches. Turfmen of high and low degree surrounded the various stalls and inspected the carefully trained thoroughbreds to a minute degree. To a matter of them Cunfirms was the heady of Oom Paul remained steady in the betting

and inspected the carefully trained thoroughbreds to a minute degree. To a majority of them Gunfire was the beauty of the lot. Mr. Whitney's mare received undivided attention from Trainer Rogers and a crowd of stable hands, while the millionaire turfman and his intimate friends looked on with interest. Burns in the "light blue. on with interest. Burns in the "light blue, brown cap," famous on both sides of the Atlantic, stood ready to spring into the saddle at the sound of the bugle. Not far away was Irish Lad, who, as a two-year-old, won the rich Saratoga Special last August and other valuable stakes and who, during the wister had developed into a magnificent. the winter had developed into a magnificent racehorse of superb proportions and finish and who, to the practised eye, looked to be

worth a bet simply on appearance.
Young Mr. Whitney was on hand, bub-bling over with enthusiasm. Little O'Neil, bling over with enthusiasm. Little O'Nell, who came into prominence at Aqueduct and Jamaica by riding in fine form for Newton Bennington, and Trainer Fred Burlew, wearing the striking colors "green, white bars on sleeves, white cap," of the Westbury Stable, the name in which Messrs. Whitney & Duryea are racing their horses this year, walked åbout impatiently waiting for the word to mount. In another part of the paddock Yardarm, the handsome son of Henry of Navarre—Yseult was a magnet which drew a crowd. Mr. Thomas was there, smiling confidently as he saw his colt rubbed down after a good warm-up with the ever attentive Madden still predicting victory. Haack had the warm-up with the ever attentive matter, attentive mount on Yardarm and wore Mr. Thomas's new colors, gray, magenta cuffs and cap. Col. Bill was another good looker that attracted attention. Trainer McCormick was the personification of confidence and in response to numerous whispered queries. response to numerous whispered queries he made the inevitable reply: "He looks like a cinch to me, he'll win

Oom Paul, with Bullman wearing the "white, green stripes and cap," of Jacob Worth, looked fit to race for his life as the saddle was strapped upon his back. There saddle was strapped upon his back. There were admiring glances for Heno, who was ridden by Michaels, also for Igniter, ridden by Cochran in Mr. Featherstone's well-known colors, but Foxhall P. Keene's Injunction, the three-year-old son of St. Leonards—Prohibition II., who won the Jockey Club weight-for-age race at Morris Park on Tuesday. day, was generally passed up because his light impost necessitated his being ridden by little Waugh, a comparatively inex-perienced apprentice. Herbert, Bonniny attie waugh, a comparatively inex-perienced apprentice. Herbert, Bonni-bert and Articulate, ridden respectively by Odom, McCue and Larson, were practi-cally neglected by the paddock visitors, for nobody seemed to think that they would for no body seemed to think that they would be, heard of. Grover Cleveland Fuller climbed into Hunter Raine's saddle after receiving careful instructions from Owner Shields, and then as the bugle sounded it was a case of boots and saddles all around preparatory to making the usual parade past the grand stand.

F GREAT BUT GOOD-NATURED CROWD. The blaring notes from the cornet seemed to wake up the crowd as if an electrical current had been shot through everybody from paddock rail to the crowded field. From one end to the other was a dense mass of humanity packed in like sandines throughout the grand stand, the field stand the field stand. throughout the grand stand, the field stand and all over the grassy lawn. So great was the crush that the Pinkertons in order to relieve it opened the gate at the top of the stretch and allowed the overflow to rush pell-mell into the infield.

Down in the betting ring the bookmakers, who were perspiring and fretting under the onslaughts of the mon, were handling an ocean of, money which was placed upon nearly every horse in the race. It was a fearful and wonderful place for a timid man to venture. From one end to the other of the big ring, with its canvas extension, there was a rough-and-tumble contest, in which surprising good nature prevailed in spite of much inconvenience and thouwhich surprising good nature prevailed in spite of much inconvenience and thousands of injured corns. It was push and haul and bump and jab and punch and kick, and yet there was no real outbreak which needed attention from the police. Every man who went into the betting ring knew what to expect. The runners for the books, who usually have a monopoly of these tactics, were fairly snowed under and were soon beaten to a standstill. In the big ring and in the field nearly three hundred bookmakers handled the public's dred bookmakers handled the public's money, and to say that they were relieved when the day's operations were at an end would be putting it mildly.

But the bugle call made half of the crowd

But the bugle call made half of the crowd in the ring rush on to the lawn. Then it was a case of standing on tiptoe to inspect the proud thoroughbreds as they walked slowly and gracefully out of the paddock gate, past the judges' stand and on up the stretch to the barrier in the chute where Starter C. J. Fitzgerald and his energetic assistant were waiting to align the field.

OLD HERBERT SULKS AND KICKS. All but Herbert, who was in a sulky mood MI but hereer, who was in a surky mood, made a quick journey to the post. Then when Herbert, who took his time, got there several minutes later, the horses were aligned, with Injunction having the rail, Igniter next to him and then Bonnibert, Yardarm, Articulate, Irish Lad, Hunter Raine, Oom Paul, Heno, Col. Bill, Gunfire, and Herbert on the extreme outside make and Herbert on the extreme outside, making twelve in all.

But the start was not prompt. In spite of Mr. Fitzgerald's exhortations and the cracking whips of his assistants the horses did not take their positions with any degree of celerity. There was a kicking match, in which Heno, Gunfire, Oom Paul and Herbert took part, the quarter terms. Herbert took part, the quartet attempting to drive their heels into every horse within reach of them. Herbert and Gunfre soon landed some resounding whacks on Hunter Raine's ribs and those who had on funter name's rios and those who had bet on the Longstreet colt groaned aloud, as if they themselves felt the sting of the thumps. As time passed the crowd be-came tired of craning necks and straining eves, and all sorts of comments were heard.

Meanwhile, Mr. Fitzgerald had brought
Bullman to time by setting him on the
ground for three days for failing to bring
Oom Paul up to the barrier. The jockeys
were all suffering from nervous tension
and were simply crazy to get the best of
the start.

"I'll make you stay here all night if you don't line up properly," cried the starter, "and I'll fine every one of you."

I" Arrangement" as applied to printed matter means selection type-paper-colour, desig margins.

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secure a perfect alignment when suddenly

secure a perfect alignment when suddenly the entire field faced the barrier instantaneously and then it was that Mr. Fitzgerald pressed the electric bulb which he held behind him. Up went the gate with a quick snap, and before the crowd realized it the race was under way.

"They're off! Here they come! Now keep your eye on them!" yelled thousands as the colors flashing in the bright sunlight were borne along by the flying horses as they left a dense cloud of dust behind them. The army of spectators in the field were the first to get a line on the way the horses were running. The start had been perfect, but after the first few strides Col. Bill dropped back. With the quickness of a lightning bolt, O'Neil rushed over to the rail with Irish Lad, and coming down past the grand stand, where men and women past the grand stand, where men and women white with excitement stood watching every move of the jockeys and their mounts. rish Lad had a clean length, O'Neil having a tight pull on the bridle with the colt's mouth wide open. So easy and yet so powerful was the stride of the Candlemas colt that old-time turfmen even at this early stage realized that the others had a wonderful here to best.

wonderful horse to beat.

Oom Paul was hot after Irish Lad, leading Gunfre by a length and a half, with
Mr. Whitney's mare a head before Igniter. while following close up were Heno and Herbert. The others were out behind, Yardarm, Hunter Raine and Col. Bill trailnarrarm, funter haine and Col. Bit training along in the rear through a blinding cloud of dust. O'Neil took a firmer hold on Irish Lad as he rounded the lower turn and allowed Oom Paul to range alongside so that as they entered the back stretch Irish Lad led by a short head, with Oom Paul second, a length and a half before Igniter, Gunfire and Col. Bill, who were turning rook. Igniter, Gunfire and Col. Bill, who were running neck and neck. Gannon had taken Col. Bill to this prominent position by cracking him on the flanks with the whip and riding him with so much vigor that the colt's backers threw up their hands in dismay. It was too early an effort, and it was then and there predicted that Col. Bill would be badly beaten. Burns was riding a waiting race on Gunfire and so was Cochran on Igniter, but Bullman had begun to urge Oom Paul, who found it impossible to put his head in front of Irish Liad. On up the back stretch the horses swept, the crowd vainly trying to make swept, the crowd vainly trying to make out the kaleidoscopic colors and thousands

GUNFIRE CHALLENGES IRISH LAD "Irish Lad will surely stop," was the the spectators saw Gunfire gradually mov-ing up. Reaching the far turn, Irish Lad the spectators saw Gunfire graduatiy moving up. Reaching the far turn, Irish Lad had a length to spare, and yet he travelled along with the same magnificent stride. O'N eil making no affort to increase his speed. Oom Paul, feeling the strain through heart and limb, began to stop, and as he did so, Gunfire with a mighty effort, caught him, with Igniter, Col. Bill, Heno and Injunction following in a compact bunch. Hunter Raine was last, with Yardarm just in front of him, while Bonnibert was laboring along as if in serious trouble. As they in front of him, while Bonnibert was laboring along as if in serious trouble. As they swept around the turn, completing a mile, Irish Lad began to lose his advantage and Gunfire, who was just beginning to receive encouragement from Burns, went after him full tilt.

"Gunfire wins," was the volcanic shrick that went up from 30,000 throats. It seemed then as if Mr. Whitney's mare would surely overhaul the flying three-year-old, but she did not have a very great advantage over

overhaul the flying three-year-old, but she did not have a very great advantage over Igniter, who was running strongly under Cochran's persuasion and who looked as if he might, with a game sprint down the stretch capture the rich prize. But suddenly Igniter was bumped by Oom Paul, who was tiring with every stride, and Mr. Featherstone's colt, a son of the famous Lamplighter, was shut in, Cochran pulling him up from what might have been a fatal fall And now Irish Lad and Gunfire were straightened out for the final rush to the straightened out for the final rush to the wire. They drew away from the others so quickly that all eyes were centred on them in the terrific duel between them, which was to result in victory for one and defeat for the other.

Quickly realizing that it was also a battle between father and son and that no matter which won, the glory would belong to the Whitney family, the crowd cut itmatter which won, the glory would belong to the Whitney family, the crowd cut itself loose with such cheering and such demonstrations of enthusiasm as are seldom seen anywhere except upon an American racetrack. It was opposite the betting ring that Gunfire, under the hard riding of Burns, got up to Irish Lad's saddle girth. O'Neil, with one swift look behind, saw that the crucial moment had arrived, but he did not draw his whip. Instead he sat down to ride Irish Lad out to the last ounce, and, as Burns did the same, and as Gunfire responded with wonderful pluck and dazzling speed, the two horses rushed down to the wire neck and neck.

To a man who stood almost in a direct line with the finish mark, it looked as if there might be a dead heat. First Irish Lad's nose was in front and then Gunfire's. Both jockeys were riding for their lives. The two thoroughbreds, with flaring nostrils and blazing eyeballs, seemed to realize what was expected of them, and they

realize what was expected of them, and they struggled on without flinching to the end. Though uncertain as to the winner, the great crowd gave vent to a sigh of relief and then turned its eyes to the board where the winning number would be hoisted. Many bets were made that it was a dead heat. Other wagers were laid that Irish Lad had won the day or that Gunfire had been victorious, but the matter was defi-nitely settled beyond dispute a few mo-ments later when Irish Lad's number was

hoisted.

Then there was another ovation awaiting the triumphant colt as he was ridden proudly back to the scales by O'Neil, followed by the others. The floral horseshoe was waiting for O'Neil, and the boy after he had hopped on the scales fairly leaped into the bower of roses, which was lifted upon the shoulders of haif a dozen men, igh enough for the crowd to see the boy high enough for the crowd to see the boy and cheer him again and again. Then a camera fiend took a snap shot and O'Neil hurried away to the paddock,

the happiest jockey in America.

In the opinion of competent judges t was the best Brooklyn Handicap ever run and the most sensational finish. The Brooklyn, by the way, was inaugurated in 1887, when Dry Monopole won it. Then the winners following were: The Bard, Exile, Castaway II., Tenny, Judge Morrow, Diablo, Dr. Rice, Hornpipe, Sir Walter, Howard Mann, Ornament, Rangetar Kinley Mack, Coppoy, and Reina Banastar, Kinley Mack, Conroy and Rema. The best previous time for the race was 2:06½, made by Banastar in 1898.

EXPECTATION FOR BROOMSTICK. S. S. Brown's Crack Two-Year-Old Wins the Rich Stake.

As a side issue to the Brooklyn Handicap the Expectation Stakes of \$5,000, for two year-olds, at five furlongs, was a feature of special attractiveness With nine to go to the post the talent selected S. S. Brown's colt, Broomstick, by Ben Brush-Elf, who, picking up a seven-pound penalty, carried 122 pounds and gave away weight to all the others. Broomstick, with Odom up, opened an even-money favorite, but closed at 9 to 10, with David C. Johnson's Jacquin. James R. Keene's Strephon and R. W. Walden's Contentious ruling equal second round for three days for failing to bring from Paul up to the barrier. The jockeys at sevens. They were sent away to a good break, and Broomstick, taking the lead, proceeded to run E. R. Thomas's \$20,000 filly, Dimple, off her feet. Broomstick drew away in the stretch and galloped home an easy winner by three lengths in 1500 2-5, thereby convincing the sharps that he is one of the best two-year-olds of the year. Tim Sullivan, owned by Frank Farrell, ran a remarkable race. He was last to the turn, but coming into

the stretch Fuller got through on the rail and the Escher colt, in terrific drive, ran over those in front of him and got up in time to take the place from Dimple by a nose, the latter beating Highball by a

The opening event was a handicap fo tee at about six furlongs, with thir-to face the barrier. The talent made Haggin's Boutonniere the favorite at 7 to 2, with Saccharometer and Astarita next in favor at sevens. Meanwhile a body of commissioners hurried through the ring placing bets on S. J. Smith's Norththe ring placing bets on S. J. Smith's Northern Star, and getting as much as 20 to 1 for their money. The tip became widespread and soon the Hanover colt was beaten down to twelves. He proved to be the best thing of the day, for with Dangman up, he simply spreadeagled his field and galloped home an easy winner by two-lengths in 1:09 2-5.

Astaria, running second, a length before Astarita running second, a length before Invincible, a 15 to 1 shot. Because the Albemarle Stable's McGrath-

Because the Albemarle Stable's McGrathiana Prince was receiving thirty pounds from Ohnet in the hurdle handicap at about a mile and six furlongs, the talent made the former a warm favorite at 11 to 10, with the latter ruling second choice at 13 to 5. There were seven starters, and a 40 to 1 shot, Andalusian, cut out a hot pace until he reached the hurdle opposite the paddock. There he stumbled and McCreery got his feet out of the stirrups, which settled the gelding then and there. McGrathiana Prince and Ohnet then went on for a gruelling race throughout the rest of the journey.

Prince and Ohnet then went on for a gruelling race throughout the rest of the journey. Ohnet taking the lead at the last hurdle and winning in a heavy drive by a head, with the favorite two lengths before Draughtsman. The time was 3:15.

Thirteen two-year-olds sported silk in the fifth event, a selling affair at five furlongs, in which Frank Farrell's Mimon was the favorite at 5 to 2, but this high-class filly was shut in during the earlier stages of the race and was never prominent. Newton Beunington's Bath Beach, second choice, rushed to the front as soon as the barrier was raised and proceeded to make choice, rushed to the front as soon as the barrier was raised and proceeded to make a runaway of it, winning easily by five lengths in 1:00 4-5, with the Goughacre Stable's Latheron, who was backed down to sixes, coming with a rush in the stretch and taking the place from John W. Schorr's Walterin, another good thing, by a length and a half. Salling was set down for a week by the starter for disobedience at the post in this race.

In the final event of the day, for selling

In the final event of the day, for selling platers at a mile and seventy yards, the wise men could see nothing but Kingraine, who was a 2 to 1 favorite. But there was heavy backing for Mike Dwyer's Northbrook and John O'Brien's Wild Pirate. The Mexican Stable's Daisy Green, a 10 to 1 shot, cut out the running with a big lead to the turn, where she began to tire and in the middle of the stretch she was fighting it out with Northbrook and Kickshaw, when suddenly Haack shot over to the rail with Wild Pirate and came on with a brilliant burst of speed, taking the race by a length and a half in 1:48, with Daisy Green, Northbrook and Kickshaw following heads apart as named. In the final event of the day, for selling

apart as named. Handleap for all ages; \$1,000 added; about six Handicap for all ages; \$1,000 added; ab Durlongs; Horse and Age. Wt. Jockey. Bettle Northern Star. 4. 109 Dangman. 12-1. Astarita. 3. 107 Bullman. 7-1. Invincible. 3. 110 Cochran. 15-1. The Guardsman, 3. 100 Fuller. 10-1. Clorita. 5. 98 Michaels. 25-1. Illyria. 3. 97 Creamer. 10-1. Boutonniere. 8. 103. O'Nell. 7-2. Gay Boy. 4. 117. Jenkins. 15-1. Flying Buttress. 4. 104. Minder. 13-1. Cur. Nugget. 8. 97. Haack. 30-1. Il. Water Tower. 4. 115. Wonderly. 60-1. Clarlon, 8. 105. Gannon. 10-1. Saccharometer, 8. 110. Burns. 7-1. Time, 0:104.5.0:22.8.5. 0:842-5.; 1062-5. Good start; won easily; Northern Star. cl. furlongs:
Horse and Age.
Northern Star. 4...
Astarita, 3...
Invincible, 3.... Good start; won easily; Northern Star, ch. c. by Hanover-Starlight; owned by S. J. Smith. SECOND RACE.

by Hanover-Starlight: owned by S. J. Smith.

BECOND RACE.

Hurdle Handicap: for four-year-olds and upward;
\$1,000 added; about one mile and six furiongs:

Horse and Age. Wt. Jockey. Betting. Fin.
Ohnet.6. 160. Songer. 13-5. 4-5. 14.

M. Grith na Prince.6.130. Helder. 11-10. 2-5. 2?
Draughtsman, aged 182. Mr. Harris. 4-1. 6-5. 3%
Ben Battle. 6. 140. Donohue. 20-1. 6-1. 4.
Gasca, 5. 140. Tanner. 60-1. 15-1. 5.

Rt. of the Bronx. 6. 140. A. Hewett. 50-1. 15-1. 5.

Rt. of the Bronx. 6. 140. A. Hewett. 50-1. 15-1. 6.
Andalusian, 4. 137. McCreery. 40-1. 12-1. 7.

Time. 8:15. 2-5.

Fair start: won driving: Ohnet, as. g., 6, by Conrad.—Lucle P.; owned by M. J. Maloney.

THIRD RACE.

Expectation Stakes of \$5.000 for two-year-olds: by subscription of \$50 each; \$100 extra for starters: \$1.500 added: penaltics and allowances; five furiongs: Horse and Age. Wt. Jockey. Betting. Fin.
Broomstick, 2. 122. Odom. 9-10. 1-8. 14.

Tim Sullivan, 2. 115. Fuller. 10-1. 3-1. 2.

Dimple. 2. 115. Matthews. 13-1. 4-1. 38.

Highball. 2. 115. Matthews. 13-1. 4-1. 38.

Highball. 3. 115. Gannon. 7-1. 5-2. 5.

Strephon. 2. 115. Gannon. 7-1. 5-2. 5.

Strephon. 2. 116. Wonderly. 15-1. 6-1. 8.

Strepting. 2. 117. General. 15-1. 8.

Streater. 2. 112. Burns. 50-1. 15-1. 9.

Time. 0:11. 2-5. 0:28. 0:35. 1:00. 8-5.

| Time | Silve | Silve

| Michaels | 12-1 | 5-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1 | 15-1

| Selling for two year-olds: \$900 added; allowances: five furlongs: | Horse and Age. | Wt. | Jockey. | Briting. Fin. | Bath Beach. 2 | 107 O'Neil. | 7-6 | 7-6 | 18-6 | Latheron. 2 | 107 O'Neil. | 7-6 | 7-6 | 18-6 | Latheron. 2 | 107 O'Neil. | 7-6 | 7-6 | 18-6 | Latheron. 2 | 108 | Bullman. | 4-1 | 8-5 | Latheron. 2 | 108 | Bullman. | 4-1 | 8-6 | Latheron. 2 | 109 | Latheron. 20-1 | 8-1 | 6 | Latheron. 2 | 107 Cochran. | 60-1 | 20-1 | 6 | Sallor Knot. 2 | 94 | McCafferiy 40-1 | 12-1 | 7 | Honey Boy 2 | 94 | Conneil. | 50-1 | 16-1 | 8 | Mimon. 2 | 96 | Fuller. | 5-2 | even. 9 | Mount'n Valley. 2 | 91 | McFadden. | 100-1 | 40-1 | 10 | Charlle Fisher. 2 | 107 | Salling. | 12-1 | 5-1 | 11 | Honey Bee. 2 | 100 | Gannon. | 10-1 | 4-1 | 12 | Mammon. 2 | 107 | Frasch. | 100-1 | 40-1 | 13 | Time-012. | 0:28 | 1-5 | 0:55 | 2-6 | 100 | 45-5 | Foor start: won easily: Bath Beach. ch. c. 2 | by Ben Strome—Irvana: owned by Newton Benning-ton.

Seiling: for three-year-olds and upward: \$1,000 added: allowances; one mile and 70 yards: Horse and Age. Wt. Jockey. Betting. Frin. Wild Pirate, 5. 100. Haack... 5-1 2-1 114 Daisy Green. 8. 92. C. Smith... 10-1 4-1 24 Northbrook. 8. 99. Fuller... 8-1 even 34 Kickshaw, 8. 89. A. Brennan. 15-1 6-1 4 Kingraine, 5. 114. N. Lewis. 2-1 4-5 5 Oclawaha, 4. 103. Gannon... 10-1 6-1 7 Embarrasament. 8. 104. Wilkerson... 16-1 6-1 7 Embarrasament. 8. 104. Wilkerson... 16-1 6-1 8. Fabirito. 8. 105. Bolesen... 100-1 40-1 10 Locket. 4. 105. O'Brien... 40-1 10-1 11 Chappaqua... aged... 111. O'Nell.... 20-1 8-1 12 Time—0'12, 0'23 4-5, 0:30, 0'43 2-5, 1:01 1-5, 1:14, 1:41 4-5, 10 Good start: won driving: Wild Pirate, br. g., 5, by Pirate of Penzance—Right Wild; owned by John O'Brien.

AFTER THE BIG RACE. Gunfire Cut Down-Comments of the Whit-

neys, Father and Son. When Gunfire returned to the paddock it was found that the mare had been cut down. The accident occurred at a time when Gunfire was coming through for her final rush down the stretch with Irish Lad. The mare therefore, ran a much pluckier race than the crowd had any idea of. It is believed that she will not be seen in a race again for some time to come. William C. Whitney and Harry Payne Whitney were seen after the handicap at P. J. Dwyer's stable, where both Irish Lad and Gunfire were being cooled out. Young Mr. Whitnev and his wife were jubilant. The former said to his father, who was evidently disappointed at the defeat of Gunfire:

Never mind father, it is all in the family. The elder Mr. Whitney then said: "Gunfire's race was practically a victory although she was defeated. If Irish Lad had been kept in the barn, Gunfire would have had the big event at her mercy. I wish all the credit for the victory of Irish Lad to be given to my trainer, Mr. Rogers, for it was a remarkable bit of training skill to turn out the winner and also the second horse. What do you say Rogers?" and Mr Whitney turned to his trainer, but the

latter had no reply to make. Probably the most unhappy mortal over the defeat of Gunfire was her exercise boy, McLaughlin, who cried bitterly. The boy spends from 50 cents to \$1 a week for loaf sugar for the "old lady" as he calls Gunfire. When on her back MoLaughlin holds a lump of sugar in his mouth and the mare twists her head like a snake, taking the sugar as gently as a child from between

Every evening McLaughlin takes a basket and fills it with the choicest clover for the mare. No wonder then that he broke the mare. No wonder then that he broke down completely when the daugater of Hastings came back to the stable vanquished. While the Waitneys were discussing the race jockey Burns came up and the elder Mr. Whitney remarked:

"Tommy, I know you feel bad. What was it caused the mare to fall back at the three furlong pole?"

"Irish Lad swerved out a bit, sir," replied Burns, "and I shot Gunfre's neck and

or Then Lad swerved out a bit, is plied Burns, "and I shot Gunfire's neck and shoulders through the opening. But O'Neil quickly got Irish Lad straightened out before I could get the mare clear through and so I was obliged to fall back a full length, which probably cost me the race. At the finish I thought Gunfire had won."

Then Mr. Whitney said:
"From where I sat in the box I thought it was a dead heat, and if it had been I would have insisted on a run-off, and I know Gunfire would have won and the public would have got its money back. However was a grand race.

O'Neil said: "I had a great horse under me, but I did not know he was so good. I got off did not know he was so good. I got off well and made every post a winner, as Irish Lad had plenty of speed. I did not know that he would last to the end, as we were going at a great clip, but I determined to keep my position as long as the colt kept going. I thought it was a dead heat myself, but I felt proud at winning my first Brooklyn Handicap and also the greatest race I ever engaged in in all my life."

OPERATIONS IN THE RING. Bill Cowan Makes the Biggest Book on

the Brooklyn Handicap. There were more bookmakers doing business at Gravesend yesterday than ever before. In the big ring there were 105 members of the Metropolitan Turf Association with 40 on the dead line, while in the field there were 180 layers, making 325 in all. In the field some of the lavers were compelled to do business on of the ring.

Bill Cowan made the biggest book of the moment. He was a big winner on the

Aleo Shields placed \$1,000 straight, place and third on Hunter Raine. William Macklin bet \$2,000 straight and \$2,000 place on Walterin in the fifth event. Frank Farrell cashed a big bet on Tim Sullivan to show in the second event and placed \$2,000 straight and \$2,000 place on Mimon

in the fifth.

Charley Cash and David Gideon backed
Latheron across the boards in the fifth race.

S. S. Brown put \$5,000 on Broomstick,
getting even money. John O'Brien and
Jesse Lewisohn wagered \$500 straight and \$500 a place on Wild Pirate, the winner of the last race. W. S. Fanshawe cashed a large wager on Heno to show in the Broo-lyn. James R. Keene placed \$200 straight and \$200 a place on Injunction. Harry Payne Whitney bet \$200 straight, \$400 a place and \$400 third on Irish Lad, Bill Cowan

place and \$400 third on Irish Lad, Bill Cowan taking the money. Jacob Worth dropped a heavy commission on Oom Paul.

L. V. Bell spread several thousand dollars across the board on Col. Bill, getting 10, 4 and 2 for his money. Mr. Bell expected to pull off a big killing. G. F. Johnson wagered \$200 all three ways on Bonnibert. E. R. Thomas and John E. Madden s-nt large commissions into the ring on both Yardarm and Dimple. Banker Wasserman stood to win \$25,000 on Highball. Newton Bennington won \$15,000 on Bath Beach. nington won \$15,000 on Bath Beach.

The bookmakers said after the races that they had never handled so many small bets and that there was never a moment for rest from the time the betting on the first race began until the field in the last race

TURF GOSSIP AT GRAVESEND. Jesse Lewisshin Stood to Win \$100,000 on

Highball in the Expectation Stakes. If Highball, the Ben Strome-Strychina colt owned by the Gayoso Stable, had won the Expectation Stakes Jesse Lewisohn, who has come to be a plunger on the turf these days, would have taken \$100,000 or thereabout out of the ring. Mr. Lewisohn's ews who did not do him justice, but even with a first class jockey up he could not have beaten Broomstick, who held everybody

with a first class jockey up he could not have beaten Broomstick, who held everybody safe at all times.

An interesting point about the starters in the Brooklyn Handicap was that Col. Bill, Heno, Gunfire, Irish Ladand Yardarm once belonged to John E. Madden. Madden sold Col. Bill last year to L. V. Bell for, it is said, \$20,000. He received something like the same amount from Mr Mackay for Heno. Mr. Whitney bought Gunfire from Madden when she was a two-year-old. Last year Madden not only received \$20,000 from Whitney and Duryea for Irish Lad, but also got a large percentage of the stakes won by the colt. It was this spring that Mr. Thomas paid big money for Yardarm.

A killing was effected with Northern Star in the first race. It is said the colt belongs to David Lamar, the well-known trotting horse man. His work was kept a secret, his best trial being run last Sunday morning at 3 o'clock. Dangman, who had the mount, rode in Austria last year and has been engaged to ride for S. J. Smith for the coming season.

The Pinkertons were busy paphing pick-

for the coming season.

The Pinkertons were busy nabbing pickpockets during the afternoon. The crooks hailed from Chicago, Boston and this city. Lieut. Butler arrested James Darrow, alias "Jimmy the Squealer," who was caught in the act of taking a large roll of bills from the rocket of a prominent lawyer. bills from the pocket of a prominent lawyer. Darrow was arrested on Suburban day bet year, but jumped his bail. Daniel Franklin and Albert Shaw, well-known Chicago crooks, were also put under arrest.
There was also a crusade against th touts. The Pinkertons rounded up Osca Wilson, colored, and a dozen other touts, who were paraded before the entire force so that in future they may be kept out of

so that in future they may be kept out of the metropolitan tracks.

Winnie O'Connor's grandfather. George F. O'Connor, missed his first Brooklyn Handicap since the first running of the race The other day Mr. O'Connor was thrown out of his road wagon and fractured two ribs, which made it impossible for him to visit the track vesterday. visit the track yesterday.

INCIDENTS AT THE BIG RACE. Great Event for the Bookles and Spectacu-

lar. Too. More money was bet on the Brooklyn Handicap yesterday than has been bet on any other race in years. A conservative estimate of the money wagered at the track was \$500,000, while fully \$1,000,000 was wagered during the day.

One man at the track yesterday turned very pale when the first three horses in the Brooklyn flashed past the wire. He clutched his programme, across the face of which he had made copious notes, and stood rooted to the ground until the numbers were hoisted, when he made a desperate effort to shout. His shout was a fizzle, for a lump came up in his throat and he had to swallow it before he could say a word. Col. Ford was the first to reach his side with a solicitous inquiry as to his

"Say," faltered the man. "did lrish Lad win?"

win? "
"He did," replied the Colonel.
"And was Gunfire second?"
"Yes, Gunfire was second."
"And really now," said the man, looking appealingly at the Colonel, "was Henothird?" hird?"
"That's the way they landed," said the "Whoopee!" roared the man beginning to dance around, "I played all three of

them."

The memorandum on the man's programme was Irish Lad 60 to 5 to win. Gunfire 10 to 10, a place, and Heno, 15 to 5, third. Col. Ford led his curiosity around the paddock and the betting ring and finally exhibited him at the clubhouse, where it was in

admitted that no such betting exploit had ever been heard of before. Even the veteran Mike Dwyer, who had probably bet more money on more horses than any living man, couldn't remember having ever heard before of any one picking the horses in a big handicap in one, two, three, order and actually betting on them.

One bookmaker on the dead line had a narrow escape yesterday. Dick Butler, representative in the Assembly of the Hon. Villiam S. Devery and the only ironworker not on strike, arrived at the race track early, armed with a paddock badge and a pair of opera glasses that looked like telescopes. In front of the grand stand he met two short baired gents in sweaters and held a long conference with them, back to the stables and the Hon. Dick made for the ring. He was intercepted by a friend, who wanted to know the good thing. Butler looked mysterious and, convincing

himself that there were no listeners around, finally said: "Well, it's The Guardsman. Farrell says "Well, it's The Guardsman. Farrell says it's n cinch. I think enough of it to bet on it myself. I'm going in now to place a dollar on it," and Mr. Butler, his coat talks sticking out behind him, plunged into the ring, where he offered his dollar to seven different bookmakers, all of whom insisted that they couldn't afford to take, such that they couldn't afford to take such chances. Butler finally found a daredevil on the dead line who took the bet, giving

Butler watched the race through his telescopes and at the finish mistook Northern Star, who won at 30 to 1, for The Guardsman, Smith's colors, like Farrell's, being black. He was on his way to the betting ring to collect, and a table d'hôte dinner could have been served on his cheet, when he learned of his error from a friend. Butler had difficulty in keeping his nerve when he heard the truth, but finally pulled himself tegether and with a reckless wave of his hand exclaimed: of his hand exclaimed:
"Well, it's all in a lifetime."

It's all very well for a man to stand in the glare of the limelight in a pair of trunks and spiked shoes, while a howling multitude the lawn because of the cramped condition I cheers him to the echo, but a time comes when even the greatest gets on a level with the rest of the world and has to take day on the Brooklyn Handicap. He handled the same hard knocks. Bob Fitzsimmons \$73,000, taking all kinds of bets up to the last discovered this yesterday, when he entered the ring just before the handicap to bet on Hunter Raine. If there was one place on earth where Mr. Fitzsimmons ought to have been at home it was in that betting ring. Men fought each other furiously to get near enough to the bookies to inspect the prices. Feet were trod on, stomachs and backs poked, hats knocked off and clothing rumpled and torn. Husky betting commissioners ploughed their way through the ring, shouldering and elbowing other folks out of the way and snarling at

other folks out of the way and snarling at those who objected.

If a man tried to take a step forward, he was very apt to find himself shoved back three paces, in fact, what progress men made was entirely involuntary and depended on which way the tide was setting at the moment. Mr. Fitzsimmons, always a very gentle person in private, sauntered into the midst of this seething throng. He was caught in a rush, his hat went flying in one direction and he was twisted around so suddenly above the knees that his feet didn't have time to twist with the rest of his body and he looked more like a corkecrew than a man.

rest of his body and he looked hide like a corkscrew than a man.

"Oh, I say, now," protested Bob to a hatless and collarless person who was trying to ram his way through the fighter's centre, "ain't you a bit rough?"

"Git outer me way, yer lobster, "answered the man scornfully.

Bob was about to resent the insult when the control of the centre of the control of the centre of the centr

12 to 1 against the colt and played him records of some of the men to whom the across the board. He was ridden by Math- betting public trusts its money at the racetracks these days are not as savory as they might be. For instance, there were noted in the line yesterday one ex-bank burglar, one man who served a short term in prison for embezzlement, two ex-prizefighters, five men who are known as silent partners in gambling houses in this city, one man who was openly mixed up in some of the crookedest races ever run on the American turf and a number of more or less notorious

The betting public hands its money over to these men, takes no receipt for it and has to trust to the accuracy of the sheet writer and the honesty of the bookmaker for a return when it wins. Yet the honesty of these men in their business is absolutely to be depended on. They handle enormous sums of money and even when they encounter big losses, which they frequently do, pay unhesitatingly. The only trouble nat ever arises is over mistakes by the nect writers and these are rare. In the number of books doing business

at the track yesterday the day was a record breaker. Fully 50 per cent. of the books, however, are what the regulars call "delicatessen" books. That means that they are backed by small bank rolls and will soon fade away. Why they are called "delicatessen" books is not clear.

Considering the enormous crowd at the rack there was a surprising lack of notables on view. The theatrical crowd, which is generally well represented, was not very conspictious, and owing to the presence of Gen. Greene the usual array of wise-looking detective sergeants was not on view. Even the great McClusky stayed in town and attended to business. The ex-policemen, however, were well represented. Eddie Glennon, who used to run the Tenderloin for Devery and cannot find time nowadays to report twice a day for duty, was early on the track making bets from a roll of bank notes as big around as a stove pipe.

Ex-Capt. Diamond was there with the chapman, his whiskers as luxuriant as ever, was admired by hundreds as he walked up and dewn in front of the grand stand. Chapman bet on Gunfire, and when he saw him beaten out by a nose his exasperation was awful to see

"Gosh darn it all, Keenan," he said to former City Chamberlain Pat Keenan, "ain't that enough to cut a fellow all up?

A number of Tammany men were at the track, including Keenan, Tom Dunn and Francis J. Lentry, Richard Cenfeld and Francis J. Lantry. Richard Canfield made a few bets from the clubhouse, and another much-noticed individual was Ro-land B. Molineux. Among the horsemen

present none attracted so much attention as the veteran Mike Dwyer. Mr. Dwyer, who is too ill to walk, drove up close to the paddock rail in a light carup close to the paddock rail in a light carriage and stayed there during the racing. He made one or two bets, backing his own horse, Northbrook, in the last race. The clan of Sullivan led by Big Tim, Little Tim and Big Florrie, brought money to the track in their hats and had to borrow valises to take it away in. They won most of it betting on Frank Farrell's horse, Tim Sullivan, in the third race. They played Tim Sullivan for the place and, as he just managed to squeeze in there, landed the money.

Reception for Peary. The fellows of the American Geograph-

ical Society met their president, Commander R. E. Peary, C. E., U. S. N., at the society's house, 15 West Eighty-first street, yesterday, at a reception given in his honor. The house was open to the visitors from the lecture hall on the ground floor to the map room next to the roof. About 700 men and women were present, including a number of members of the faculties of Columbia and Princeton universities, Rutgers College and other educational institutions.

SEWALL NOT THE MURDERER.

Continued from First Page.

was adjourned to the theatre upstairs. There was a rush to get seats and the place was soon filled.; Dr. George, F. Shrady who sat with his son-in-law, Edwin Gould, was the next witness. He said he had been summoned from the club and that he and Mr. Gould went to the station, where he found leffernan "restless and suffering from hock," and saw that he was mortally

wounded.

At this point Coroner Russell referred to a feature that has caused much comment. He asked Dr. Shrady why it was that the authorities had not been notified of Heffernan's condition. Dr. Shrady said he didn't know and explained that he was an outsider.

he didn't know and explained into the was an outsider.

"Isn't it customary to notify the officials in order that an ante-mortem statement can be obtained?" asked the Coroner.

"Thet's what's usually done. I don't know why it was not done in this case."

Dr. Shrady then swore positively that Heffernan had made no statement in his case in a citien at the station or on the way. hearing either at the station or on the way to the hospital.

to the hospital.

Q. In your experience as a surgeon what is the usual mental condition of men suffering from surgical shock? A. Usually below par. They occasionally suffer from hallucinations and imperfection of speech.

Q. Was that the condition of Heffernan when you saw him? A. It was.

Q. Can you swear that he was not in a condition to make a coherent statement when you saw him? A. I do.

Q. Do you think this charge abourd? A. Not entirely, thut I think everything should bend to the fact of testimony.

Q. When did you hear these men had been mentioned? A. The next morning, but my conclusion was reached before—that night—independent of any collateral condition.

There was a great craning of necks by

independent of any collateral condition.

There was a great craning of necks by the country folk, when Edwin Gould was called. He said he was a banker and lived at Dobbs Ferry. Mr. Gould's testimony differed very little from that of his fatherin-law, Dr. Shrady. He said that he and Mrs. Gould were visiting Dr. Shrady, that he walked to the station with him, but that he did not go very near to the wounded man. Mr. Gould, replying to a question by the Coroner, said he was near enough to hear Heffernan's voice, but that he did not make any statement regarding the not make any statement regarding the shooting. "He could have made such a statement and I not hear it "said Mr. Gould.

Coroner Russell was much put out when Coroner Russell was much put out when there was no rsponse to the call for Supt. Hale. It was found that he was in New York city. He had been served with a subprana. After Miss Campbell had been recalled to testify that she was with Healy,

subpena. After Miss Campbell had been recalled to testify that she was with Healy, the watchman, when he went to Heffernan, the Coroner called for Mr. Jaffray.

Mr. Jaffray, although the centre of more attention at that moment than any of the other witnesses, appeared cool, and talked in a low voice. He is thick-set and smooth shaven. It was he who first told of the dinner party, when the Coroner in a solemn voice asked:

"Where were you at the time of the shooting, Mr. Jaffray?"

"From about half-past 4 until 7:20," said Mr. Jaffray, quietly, "I was at a dinner party in Mr. Hewitt's house. After the dinner Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt, all of Mr. Hewitt's daughters, Mr. Sewall, Mrs. Jacquellin Smith and her daughter, and Mrs. Jaffray and myself sat for some time talking. About 9 o'clock Miss Hewitt, Mr. Sewall, Miss Bessie Hewitt, my wife and myself went to another room to look at the wedding presents. presents.
"At about 9:15 the telephone rang and

"Oh, I say, now," protested Bob to a hatless and collarless person who was trying to ram his way through the fighter's centre, "ain't you a bit rough?"

"Git outer me way, yer lobster," answered the man scornfully.

Bob was about to resent the insult when a big German ran into him and then called him a giraffe and asked him why he didn't look out of the way. In the next five minutes Rob was hurried about until he was finally squeezed between two cashiers, emerging in the open with his ten-dollar bill still in his hand.

"Sonny," said Fitzsimmions to a messenger boy, "I'll give you a dollar to take that in and put it on Hunter Raine."

The boy undertook the commission, and Bob went back to the judges' stand, where he vowed a solemn vow that he wouldn't enter the betting ring again on a big race day if he never got a bet down.

A student of human nature would have found food for study in the bookmakers who drew for positions yesterday. The records of some of the me to whom the records of some of the records

inal once or twice before, that he was nothing to her and that if she didn't get home she would lose her place. We decided then to detain her. The only statement I heard Heffernan make was that he was shot in the back and didn't know who did it."

shot in the back and didn't know who did it."

"Will you swear it?" asked the Coroner. Jaffray said he would.

From Frederick L. Eldridge another statement was obtained as coming from Heffernan. Mr. Eldridge is an officer of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, lives at 27 North Washington Square and was at the Ardsley Club at the time. He said he asked the dying man in the station who shot him and that the reply was:

"Mr. Hewitt's coachman."

This was some time after the conversation Healy and the boy had. Mr. Eldridge said he was positive about the words because he repeated them.

"I said 'Did Hewitt's coachman do it?"

Mr. Eldridge said, "and he said, "I think

Mr. Eldridge said, "and he said, 'I think

Young Sewall, while most of this testimony was given, sat alone and in the rear of the group of witnesses. Few, it any persons present knew him. He is slender, and does not look over 27. When the persons present knew him. He is slender, and does not look over 27. When the Coroner called him and he stood up it was plain to see that the proceedings had told on him a good deal. He was pale and his lips trembled. Before he could take the witness stand the Coroner, to the surprise of the bevy of friends of the young man, who looked reassuringly at him, said in a voice that was heard all over the court room:

at him, said in a voice that was heard all over the court room:

"Mr. Sewall, there is evidence presented before me that you're the party that shot John Heffernan. You are entitled to make any statement you see fit, but you must know that anything you say can be used against you—and probably will be. Have you anything to say why you should not be held for the Grand Jury. Haven't you got a lawyer?"

"I haven't a lawyer," said Sewall. "But haven't you any questions to ask me? I

haven't you any questions to ask me? I heard this man say he was shot from behind by a man in the bushes. I'd like to be

by a man in the bushes. I'd like to be sworn."

The Coroner could do nothing else than swear Sewall then, and he started to give testimony, while Jaffray, Mr. Hewitt, Mr. Gould and others, believing that the Coroner would hold him, rushed out to get a lawyer. They got one, but not before Sewall had told his story and was free.

Sewall gave his residence as Boston and said he was a stockbroker. When he started to tell of the dinner party Coroner Russell interrupted him and told Mr. Hewitt and every one else who was at the dinner party to leave the room. Mr. Hewitt party to leave the room. Mr. Hewitt went out after casting a glance of encourage-ment at the young man who is to be his daughter's husband. Sewall gave the name of the members of the party exactly as had Jaffray, and the first bit of sensation came when he spoke of going out with Jaffray and Mr. Hewitt after the telephone mes-

sage.
"I didn't take a hat," he said, "because it was such a short distance. We went down to the summer house and saw people coming toward us. There was the figure coming toward us. There was the ngure of a man on the grass. Some boys and men had a door. Mr. Jaffray assisted them. We took him to the station. There so me one leaned over him and he said: 'I don't know who shot me. It was a man in the bushes.' I didn't stay close. It was a mainful sight. painful sight.

Q. What time did you get to Mr. Hewitt's house? A. About 3:45.
Q. What time did you sit down to dinner?
A. About 7:15.
Q. You were continuously with the family until this telephone message came? A. I was.

"That's all," said the Coroner, and Sewall "That's all," said the Coroner, and Sewall left the stand and sat next to Dr. Shrady and Mr. Gould. Mr. Hewitt was brought in then. He, too, looked as though the situation was telling on him. There were lines in his face and his lips were twitching. When he was asked if he knew Sewall, he said with an evident show of pride: "Yee; he's my coming son-in-law."

"Where was he Sunday, Mr. Hewitt? asked the Coroner, and Mr. Hewitt then told

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of the dinner party. He said they sat down at 7:20 and got up from the table at 8:45 and that Sewall was one of those who went upstairs to look at the presents. They were upstairs when the telephone bell rang and he went out with Sewall and Jaffray.

They were upstairs when the telephone bell rang and he went out with Sewall and Jafray.

"You swear positively, Mr. Hewitt," asked the Coroner, "that Mr. Sewall was in your house until you left your house to ge to the scene of the shooting.

"I do," said Mr. Hewitt.

The Coroner then asked Sewall to stand up, and asked Sarah Campbell if he was the man who had shot Heffernan.

Sewall looked her in the face, trying to keep his composure through the trying ordeal. The girl looked him over, and then said he was not the man. "He was a stouter man than that," she said. That practically ended the case against Sewall, and his face brightened up. Mrs. Jacquelin Smith of 4 East Tenth street, another guest, repeated the same story of the dinner. She said Sewall had been there all the time, talking to her daughter and herself.

Dr. Judson of the Dobbs Ferry Hospital, who performed the operation, was asked

Ime, talking to her daughter and herself.

Dr. Judson of the Dobbs Ferry Hospital, who performed the operation, was asked one question, whether Heffernan was shot in the back or not, as Jaffray and Sewall testified he told them. Dr. Judson, old and gray-haired, answered:

"He was not shot in the back."

Chief of Police Nossiter of Tarrytown testified that William Pasquette, engineer at an electric light station in Tarrytown, had given a hat to a hatless man at 2 o'clook on Monday morning. The man corresponded in a way to the description of Heffernan's murderer. Pasquette said he had seen the same man on Monday evening in Tarrytown. This was the first testimony taking the case away from Jaffray and Sewall. The Coroner's verdict was:

"I find that John Heffernan came to his death by wounds received from the hands of some person or persons unknown. I

of some person or persons unknown. I find that there is no evidence to support the accusation made against Rufus L. Sewall. I severely censure and criticise the action of the officials of the Dobbs Ferry in delaying to inform the authorities who were not notified of this crime until elevent pours after its comprisein. If such neglect

were not notified of this crime until eleven hours after its commission. If such neglect occurs within my jurisdiction again I shall bring it to the Grand Jury."

Mr. Gould, Dr. Shrady and a lot of others shook Sewall's hand when the verdict was announced. The latter was trembling all over and kept asking the Coroner if he could go. Before the Coroner dismissed him he asked him what size of hat he wore and Sewall smilingly said a 7 or a 7%. The hat found was 6%. Then Sewall said quietly:

quietly:

"I guess now I won't have my wedding interfered with, will I?"

The Coroner said he wouldn't need him except to sign his testimony, and suggested Wednesday.

"Why, that's the day I'm going to be married," he said.

Then Tuesday was fixed.

Coroner Russell announced that the police must now take up the case and that he was through.

"Even though Sewall had not established an alibi," said he, "these statements were not entermortem statements on w

could be charged with murder. They were not made properly." Sewall was escorted home this evening by all his friends, including Mr. Gould and Dr. Shrady. The Hewitt family were waiting on the lawn, and when Miss Juanita

waiting on the lawn, and when Miss Jushita caught sight of the approaching party she gave a little cry, rushed down the lawn and fell into Sewall's arms.

The wedding will be held at 3 o'clook on Wednesday afternoon in the Hewitt home and is to be very large.

The village authorities have engaged Pinkerton detectives to run down the murderer. murderer.

DEUTSCHLAND PAIR DETAINED. Hungarian Man and Weman Wanted in

Vienna-Not an Embezzier, He Says. Emil Füzessery, a natty young Hungarian who arrived last night in the second cabin of the Hamburg-American fiyer Deutschland, was held up by immigration inspectors on an order issued at the cabled request of Vienna authorities.

Füzessery was accompanied by Mrs. Julia Simecsek, also a Hungarian, who Julia Simeosek, also a Hungarian, who said she was to join her husband here. She also was detained. The immigration inspectors said they did not know why Vienna wanted Fûzessery and his companion.

News of a recent embezzlement in Vienna of 80,000 florins reached the customs authorities but the young man declared that he was not concerned in that. He said he didn't know why he was wanted, though the young woman pressed him to explain. They will be taken to Ellis Island to await the action of the Austro-Hungarian Consul.

the action of the Austro-Hungarian Consul, May Use Hoppies on the Speedway. In the Harlem police court yesterday, Magistrate Zeller discharged Harrison

horse or dangerous to other drivers. YOUNG AT 84.

Armstrong the actor who was arrested for driving a hoppled horse on the Speedway. The Magistrate said that he was convinced

that the use of hopples was not cruel to the

Mrs. Annie Rentz, of Reading, Pa., Who is 84 Years of Age, Is as Young as She Was 20 Years Ago and Is Now Busy Making a Quilt She Passesses Vigor, Eyesight and All Her Other Faculties, Thanks to

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